TO THE MEMORY

OF THE
Very Reverend and Truly Pious
Mr. *GEORGE MELDRUM*

Professor of Divinity in the Colledge of *Edinburgh*, and one of the Ministers of the Gospel there, who died the 18*th* Day of *February* 1709, in the 75*th* Year of his Age.

A Pindarick Ode.

EDINBURGH,
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To the Reader.

I *Am not so fond of this Ode, as to think it can speak for it self; therefore I have made it (like the* Grecian *Beggars) wear its Petition on its Breast.*

Tho' I heartily beg your Clemency, you can't blame me for doing all I can to prevent Censures. I wou'd have you observe then, That the frequent mentioning of a Muse, forc'd Metaphors, and sudden Starting from a Thought, are more frequent in Pindarick Poesy, than in any other. If I be attack'd, because I have transgress'd the ordinary Rules; I think I'll have Skill enough to set my Masters betwixt me and the Enemy. I acknowledge I am not so * *Gaudy in the Colouring, as perhaps I cou'd have been. For, in my Opinion, those Gayeties are very unnatural in a Poem, where Fancy is so much guided by Truth and Affection.*

I shall say nothing of this Worthy Person, to whose Ashes I offer this Trifle, but what may serve to Illustrate some Passages in't.

From his Infancy, an Ardent Piety, and Sublime Vertue shone eminently in him: His Wit was Good, *and his* Genius *Admirable, at an Age when those Perfections are not discernable in others. I need give no other Evidence of this, than his being Professor of Philosophy in the* Marischal *Colledge of* Aberdeen, *in the Sixteenth Year of his Age. He was also Young when he entred the Ministry, but behaved himself with so much Prudence, Moderation and Gravity, That none had Reason to* Contemn his Youth.

Tho' he accepted of a Toleration in Times of Episcopacy, yet he remain'd fix'd in his Principles, which he evidenc'd when he refus'd that Conscience-racking Oath, which wou'd have oblig'd him to leave them. And even before the Test was contriv'd, he was Banished Twenty Miles from Aberdeen, *by an Act of the Privy Council, upon the Account of Non-Conformity.*

I hint also at the Nature of the Disease that usher'd his Death, I presume it is sufficiently known, so I need not insist on't. But, by the by, I wou'd make a Humble Reflection upon the Conduct of Divine

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* *Non Equidem Studeo Bullatis ut mihi nugis*
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo. Per.

Pro-

Providence: His Lingring Sickness and Pain might have been design'd not only to show, That no Man liveth that commits not Sins, from which he needs to be purified: But also to make him (who enjoyed such a Tract of Health) feel, once in his Life, the Direful Effects of the Fall, even upon Earth: And thereby to Endear to him his Deliverer, and Sweeten the Deliverance from Torments that are Eternal. Besides, that this did, in some low Measure, Conform him to his Saviour's Sufferings, for Fitting him to Enjoy his Redeemers Purchase of Glory, whereof he had such a Humble Assurance, That, when other Words fail'd, he repeated distinctly and often such Scriptural Expressions, I know that my Redeemer liveth, *&c.*

But to return: This Account that I have given, is the Bottom upon which I found the following Ode. How I have manag'd it, is more than I can tell; And therefore, That I might hear the Impartial Opinion of Intelligent Judges, I have Conceal'd my Name.

I'm sorry I cou'd not fall upon a way to make publick this Evidence of my Respect after a more Generous Manner. And were it not the Custom to make Gain by a great many Performances of this and other Kinds, I wou'd be asham'd, that the Publick should bear the Charges of the Press.

A Pindarick Ode.

AWake my Muſe, go to
What Love and Duty bids thee ; do,
No doubt but thou wou'd gladly wear
(Young as thou art, unwilling to be ſtopt in thy Career)
Theſe gaudy Garbs in which the Wits appear,
For which they claim their feigned Immortality,
But Grief muſt thy Alembick be.
In which thou muſt diſtil thoſe vap'rous Fancies to a Tear,
Soft be thy Notes, ſmooth be thy Stream,
And make that Gentle Soul thy Pattern, as he is thy Theme.
Lo! while I ſpeak ſhe melts and ſings,
In doleful Numbers doleful Things.
Deep Sorrow is the Language of her mournful Strings.

II.

Great Soul (ſays ſhe) thy very Dawn did wondrous Light (diſplay,
It open'd to thy Intellect fair Scenes of Tho't,
And gave the Hopes and Promiſe of a better Day,
When thou compleater Views had got,
Of the bright Regions of Verity.
Thou fully ſatisfied thy Friends, and made them ſee
Hope painted not beyond the Life in thee.

III.

In tender Youth, thou largely drunk of Reaſons Fount,
Nor was thou Giddy made by it,
(The Fate of ſhallow Wit)

Thy

Thy Prudence fitted thee to mount
The Doctors Chair, from which thou did Dispence,
To Sires (compar'd with thee) thy Learn'd Influence.
Thou by Philosophy did rise,
To Faiths sublime and awful Mysteries.
'For Reasons Ray
Did light thee upward to a Glorious Day.
Whene'er thou Preach'd, a sweet Perswasion from thy Tongue (did flow
Thy soft Expressions did rebellious Spirits quell,
So soft they were, that like the Flakes of downy Snow,
They melted as they fell.

IV.

He was a living Sermon, for he wrought
As much by's Practice, as by what he Taught;
No ruffling Passions did inflame his Soul,
No Under-wheel did the superiour ones controul.
He was no Brook, that rais'd with sudden Rains,
Does from his Channel rove,
And overflows th'adjacent Plains,
While at another time,
There's nothing in't but squallid Ooze or Slime;
Thy Life, pure Saint, was like a strong, tho' gentle Stream,
Supplyed from the never-failing Spring of Light and Love,
All of a piece, and still the same.
And what can be inferr'd?
Tho' blended with another Current thou appear'd,
Since in that State
Thou kept thy Course unmix'd and separate,
And plainly shew'd,
How thou did loath
That Conscience-racking Oath,
Great was thy Zeal, and Firm thou stood,
To what thou knew was for the Churches Good.

V.

Here paus'd the Muse, the Church stood by and heard her Moan,
Echoing to every Sentence in a Groan,

At length she Silence broke,
And all in Tears those tender melting Things she spoke,
Yes, my dear Son, thou solely view'd
Thy Masters Glory and my Good,
How ravish'd was I when I heard
Thee, my lov'd Son, among thy Brethren less'ning the Debates,
And cutting off Difficulties as soon as they appear'd,
And soothing with thy sober Words the rising Heats.
Thou signally thy tender Love did show,
By caring for the Church in Embryo,
Thou did Instill the Principles of Truth,
Into the thinking Youth,
That they by this might be
More Eminent in serving me.
It can't my Flood of Tears assuage,
That I have long enjoyed thee,
Alas! Experienced Age,
Did render thee more Useful unto me,
But Ah! Thou'rt gone,
With many a Service that thou wou'd have done,
And many a Wise and Good Design thou wou'd have carried on.

VI.

She spake. The Muse did thus begin again,
Her mournful Strain:
Kind Soul, Extensive was thy Charity,
And always on the Springs did move
Of Reason, Pity, and of Love;
Love ov'r thy Passions did as Empress sit,
But Grace was Guide to it,
Thou knew thy gentle Temper, and was Wise in keeping free,
Ev'n from more harmless Pleasures which at length might thee
(Entice,
At least to Border upon Vice.
Thou longed to shake off the Load of dull Mortality,
And solely to employ thy Pow'rs on Objects worthy thee.

VII.

VII.

GOD did thy juſt Deſire fulfil,
He all the Traces to Confuſion hurl'd,
By which thou Correſponded with this lower World;
And thou by this enjoy'd Truths pureſt Rill,
No Fancy being mixt with it,
Pleaſ'd with the Change, thou gladly did all other Comforts quite.
Such were thy Tranſports, that thou made a Pauſe,
When thou a Sentence had Expreſt,
As griev'd, it ſeems, to have at all Digreſt.
Thou gladly bore the Breach of Natures Laws,
So Fond thou was of the ſweet Foretaſte of thy Reſt.
Thy Chains are fully looſ'd, and thou doſt go,
To let the Heav'nly People know,
With what Contempt thou looks on trifling Pleaſures here below.
Farewel, bleſt Saint, then adds the Muſe,
My Verſe like thee,
Shall never die;
But all the Title I can have to Immortality,
Is, that I did this Subject chuſe,
For I ſhall live in thee,
Not thou in me.

FINIS.

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